

1-1-1923

The Summer of J22

N. K. C.

Iowa State College

Follow this and additional works at: <http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/amesforester>



Part of the [Forest Sciences Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

C., N. K. (1923) "The Summer of J22," *Ames Forester*: Vol. 11 , Article 20.

Available at: <http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/amesforester/vol11/iss1/20>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa State University Digital Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in Ames Forester by an authorized editor of Iowa State University Digital Repository. For more information, please contact digirep@iastate.edu.

The Summer of '22

N. K. C.

When Prof. Jeffers, the other day in Seminar instructed the men who have not been in summer camp to make plans going this year I had to stop a second in order to really realize that it had been a year since that same announcement had been made to us who are now Sophomores. When Jeffers suggested that the camp might be in the same locality this year I couldn't help but view the whole trip.

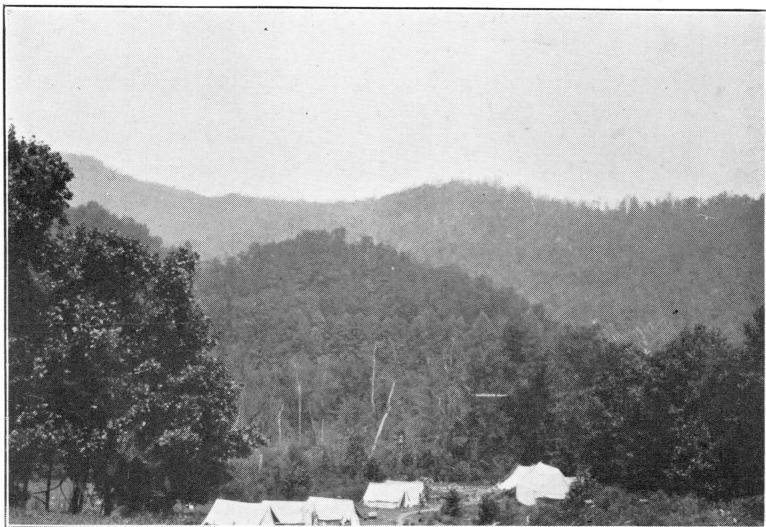
When the spring quarter was over last year we were ordered to be in Pisgah Forest by June 19 ready to go to work not later than June 21. We arrived in Asheville, N. C. by different routes and means of transportation. All but two arrived in Asheville on June 18; those two we learned had already arrived, they having left Ames ahead of the rest and incidentally establishing their eligibility for Quo Vadis. The plan was to leave Asheville for Pisgah Forest the next morning. The next morning the watch-dogs of the Southern railroad happened to see the corner of a tent-fly sticking out of "Red" Kouba's trunk. They promptly put him down for fourteen dollars excess baggage. Before they got through there was an excess charge of sixty-four dollars against the baggage of the camp. After much arguing and some harsh words we decided to call Prof. Andrews at Pisgah Forest for advice as to what to do. Andrews had gone on ahead to pick out a camp site and get things in readiness for coming. We waited for a week that one day for Andrews to come, and finally he showed up bringing with him still more rain. In some way or other he got things straightened around and the next noon we started for Pisgah Forest via auto.

In Pisgah Forest every convenience awaited us, namely a squeaky wagon for hauling our baggage out to camp and a half submerged barn for a dressing room while we changed into our hiking clothes. Some of the boys managed to get time to look over the town. Some saw more than the town; in fact some of them in the very few minutes we were in town had their plans all laid for spending their first week-end. Then the training period started, with Prof. Andrews in the lead and this lead lasted for four miles.

Five of the boys, with Andrews, had already spent a day in camp and had things started. We spent the rest of the afternoon in getting tents up for the night and after a supper of Ling's famous "slum-gulion" we turned in or rather lay

down for the night. There wasn't anything particularly soft about that North Carolina soil.

The next two days we spent in getting the camp fixed up and waiting for Prof. Jeffers. "Jeff" had left Ames a week ahead of us in one of Henry Ford's best with Mrs. Jeffers and the two youngsters as ballast. When he left, it was his intentions to go overland, but from all accounts he must have



View showing general lay-out of the summer camp near Asheville, N. C.

gone under, and through a good part of the country. Jeffers had been the proud owner of his Ford only for a short time, and he learned a great deal about gasoline propelled vehicles in that trip.

The day after "Jeff" arrived the summer-camp started in earnest with a silviculture trip for a starter, and from then on it was one continual round of silviculture, wood chopping, inspection trips and rain. The nice part of the rain was that it usually held off until about four-thirty in the afternoon and then quit about midnight, but very seldom failed to start about noon on Saturdays and continue most all day Sunday.

The first six weeks of camp we spent in silviculture and logging, with camp technique sprinkled in every day and all Saturday morning. The silviculture consisted of trips cross-country with no definite place to get to except back, but managing to cover most all the different sites and conditions that

would be interesting and instructive. The first thing that confronted us was the great number of new trees we found and which we had to get used to recognizing. It was on one of these trips that someone thoughtlessly turned the mountain around after we had gone past, which resulted in differences of opinion and a rather prolonged stroll; also some rather hard things being said about the next "saddle."

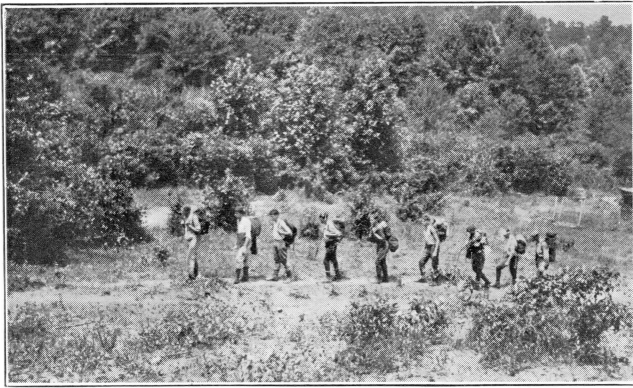
During the first part of the first six weeks Mr. Korstian of the Appalachian Experiment Station paid us a visit. We spent one morning with him on a dendrology trip which surely did give us a great deal of good information on the many trees that were so foreign to us.

Our days were not run on a set schedule. The only thing we knew about what was going to happen for sure was getting up and our meals. Andrews did the alarm-clock act and he was always on time and that was—early. We never really knew what we were going to do from day to day until perhaps the night before, when some one would get the dope that "Jeff" would have us the next day, or perhaps "Andy" would take us out for a little exercise. In that way we always knew we had something coming but never really knew what it was. If it were "Jeff's" day we could depend on one of those long "saddle" hikes and some "silver-culture." We certainly did a consistent job of crabbing about those hikes. We never quite forgave "Jeff" for that first trip although later on we took hikes that were twice as long and hard. On that first trip the most of us had him flunked in silviculture before the trip was half over.

When we were under "Andy's" guiding it meant a trip up Avery's Creek and some logging to inspect. The only difficulty on these trips was all the figures we had to remember, such as the length of the haul, the amount cut per this and that, the size of the cable and other things too numerous to mention. We saw everything in the logging line that that section of the country offered, everything from skidding with oxen to over-head lines. We certainly got a wonderful opportunity to see the hardwood logging. The fact that the only virgin chestnuts that have not been touched by the blight are found in this section is a thing that can not be overlooked. Between Jeffers and Andrews time did not hang the least bit heavily on our hands.

On these long hikes we always had a good feed to look forward to when we hit camp. There were vacancies of considerable size that were not filled by the peanut-butter and rhubarb sandwiches of our belt lunch. There was usually time for a swim before the "mess cook" gave out the wel-

come "come and get it;" and those swims I don't believe will ever be forgotten. We swam in the Davidson River and that same river is beyond a doubt the coldest in the south. Some of the boys got so enthusiastic over their cold plunges that they got into the habit of indulging in a refreshing dip every morning at six o'clock. Some of us however kept ourselves more safe and sane. After supper there was usually



Hiking back from the visit to the spruce operation

a baseball game or a game of horse-shoes or both. One of those exciting baseball games nearly cost "Charlie" Towne his grade in silviculture. "Jeff" happened to be holding down second base at the time, and in an effort to stop a man at second it became necessary for "Charlie" to peg one at a rather high rate of speed. "Jeff" thought for a few minutes that he had stopped a comet.

One of the big features of our summer was the trip to Suncrest. It was a twenty mile hike. We were carrying bedding and clothes for a week's stay. Those packs did get most awful heavy and how high some of those mountains were. We spent five days on this trip, inspecting the logging in the spruce-fir type and helping collect some data on the reproduction after the different kinds, and the differences in the reproduction after fires. The main reproduction seemed to be blackberries and fire cherry. Some rather harsh things were said about the pewee job. It took a couple of nights for everyone to get used to the rather different sleeping conditions. Some of us slept on sacks of oats; others were lucky enough to sleep three in a bed. "Jack" Hogan and "Allah-wishus" slept with the horses. They said it was a mighty

good place to sleep but there was one horse that was so very playful that she kept the rest of them awake most of the night. We spent our evenings listening to tales of forestry in San Domingo,—“Status Quo.” The trip back was one, never to be forgotten. The trip up over Pilot Knob was fine even if “Jeff” did nearly get electrocuted and “Allah-wishus” nearly did have a run-away.

We made trips to the saw mill at Pisgah Forest and saw the very latest thing in the way of flooring machinery. Then

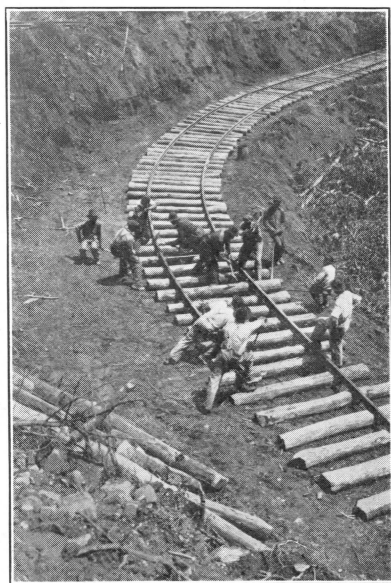


Class stopping at look-out station, Pilot Knob, on return trip from spruce operation.

there were trips to Rosmond where we inspected the extracting plant. On the way back we were treated to a trip through the tannery at Brevard. There were a number of other small utilization plants which we visited that day. It was on that memorable day the camp got the name of “Tessie McGookin.”

The week-ends were spent in a variety of ways. Some went to Brevard and hired horses to walk around the streets with. One of the boys used to spend his Sunday evenings on a certain porch or rather one certain side of the porch. “Red” Kouba usually spent his Sundays looking for Indian relics. It wasn’t an uncommon thing for some of the more

industrious ones to spend the day washing clothes and standing guard over them so the cows wouldn't eat them up. Paul Bunyun's blue ox didn't have a thing on those cattle. They would eat most anything. Soap was their favorite fruit, and they seemed to get an unusual amount of kick out of soap suds. I have heard of people of whom it was said they would drink anything, but I never did know before that cows would drink soap suds and especially when the suds happened to be off "Pete" Downey's clothes. One good looking Jersey went so far as to eat or rather swallow a whole sack of "Andy's"



Negro track laying crew on Avery's Creek, branch of Carr Lumber Company operation.

Durham, sack, tag, tobacco and all. Rather a case of "dog eat dog."

The last six weeks we started in on our mapping and cruising. I don't believe any of us will ever forget old B-traverse. We did not, however, spend all the time cruising. There was an occasional sprinkling of siviculture here and there by way of variety.

We finished our cruising and then broke camp and started for Asheville. Some of the boys took a good supply of the

"Southerns" spikes away with them. Of course "Jack" Hogan got the blame for that.

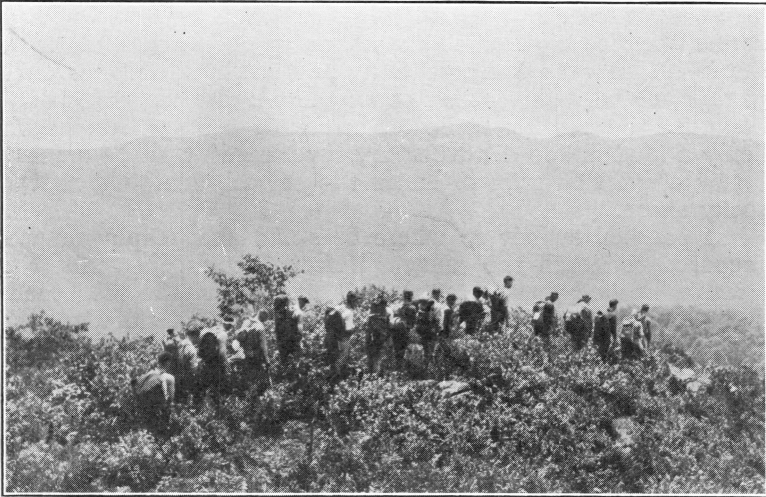
In Asheville we put up at the New Commercial hotel. Every morning we made our trip out to the Biltmore estate where we saw the rest of the silviculture which we had missed at Pisgah Forest. From Asheville we made side trips to Canton, spending the day going through the Champion Fiber Mills. This pulp mill is one of the largest in the world and I believe I am correct in saying it is the only pulp mill where all three processes are used in the making of paper. These people were mighty fine to us and did everything to make the trip through the mill interesting. The trip there had its thrills. "Stan" Haw proved the old theory about the camel and the needle's eye to be all a mistake when he drove a Dodge car between the curb and the back of the car Max Wright was driving, when there really wasn't room for a motorcycle to get by.

About the time we were ready to leave the "Land of the Sky" the railroad strike was in full swing. It looked as though we were going to spend the winter in the south.

There is no question about the 1922 summer camp being a success. It was that and more, too. To begin with, we had as nearly a perfect camp-site as could be asked for. The camp was located in the Pisgah National Forest, four miles from the town of Pisgah Forest, on the Mt. Pisgah road. We were camped on a grassy slope, the scene of the famous 1916 landslide. It was close to the road and yet screened from the road and away from the dust. A small creek ran through the camp from which we got our wash water. Just above the camp was a good strong spring which furnished our drinking water. The cook tent was pitched on a low flat down near the swamp and close to the creek. Just beyond the swamp was the logging railroad which gave us easy transportation up into the hills. This swamp was the source of a nightly concert. Again Paul Bunyun had to take a back seat. Those frogs were nearly as large as his blue ox, and how they could sing. The frogs kept the air alive with harmony until shortly before daylight and then the chimes began. The chimes were played by the belled milk cows of the man who had a grazing permit on the land where we were camped.

We had everything we had come to summer camp to get, there within easy reach. The Carr operation was only a short way up in the hills. At Pisgah Forest the saw mill, at Rosmond the extracting plant, up at Suncrest the spruce-fir operations, and all around us lay wonderful opportunities for work in silviculture and we certainly did take advantage

of those opportunities. The topography was such that we had no difficulties in our mapping, and there were occasional rattlesnakes to keep one from going to sleep on the job. We always had company while in camp. There were plenty of bugs. Entirely harmless of course but there were plenty of



Class stopping at look-out station, Pilot Knob.

them. One of them lost his bearings one night and got in Heinie's ear which resulted in considerable excitement in camp.

Another thing that made the camp a success was the presence of Mrs. Jeffers, Betty Jo, and "Buddy." Mrs. "Jeff" was always ready with a smile even though it did rain continually, and the cows tried to eat up her stove and everything else that wasn't nailed down or put out of reach.

Betty Jo succeeded in vamping everyone in camp but kept them at a safe distance all summer, by taking refuge behind her mother's skirts whenever anyone took a step in her direction.

There is no question about the location for this year's camp being a good one if it is located anywhere near where it was last year. Everyone came from camp having had a good summer and a good time. Everyone came away without losing any of his fraternity jewelry, although they did accuse me of trying to annex a grocery store.